

---

THE  
Blackbird's  
SONG.

---

THE

Blackbirds

SONG.

12.

# THE Blackbird's SONG.

---

*Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum.*  
Juv. I. 1.

---

The Second Edition.

---



---

Printed for J. M O R E, near St. Paul's.  
MDCCXV.  
( Price Fourpence. )

# Geological

103

1870. M. (1870) 1870  
M. (1870)



THE  
**Blackbird's**  
**S O N G.**



HE Blackbird who had waited long.  
 To sing the new-come *Lord*  
 a Song,  
 And warn him of his *Danger*,  
 Still found him so beset with *Owls*,  
*Storks*, *Rooks*, and *Gulls*, and such like  
*Fowls*,  
 He could not see the *Stranger*.

But

But as it hap'ned on a Day,  
 When all these *Fowls* and *Birds of Prey*,  
 Were gone abroad to Rove ;  
 That unexpected up he rose,  
 And hoping there to find Repose,  
 He walk'd into the *Grove*.

And as he rang'd the Place about,  
 The *Blackbird* chanc'd to spy him out,  
 And judging him the *Man* ;  
 He quickly put himself in View,  
 Where he might see and hear him too,  
 And thus his *Song* began.

Pardon me, *Sir*, that I intrude,  
 Thus far into your *Solitude*,  
 And lend a gracious Ear ;  
 The MATTERS I'd presume to *Shew*,  
 Are very fit for you to know,  
 For they concern you near.

*Parrots* and *Jays*, and, *chat'ring Pies*,  
 May flatter you and tell you lies,  
 And mighty Things pretend.

But

But if that you such *Vermin* trust,  
They will Betray and Rob you first,  
Then leave you in the end.

Your PREDECESSOR, *Sir*, was taught,  
That they with Favours might be bought,  
And try'd them as you do ;  
But she no sooner brought them in,  
But they to *Ruine* her begin,  
And so they'll serve you too.

Pardon me, *Sir*, and take my Word,  
I am a true and faithful *Bird*,  
And freely speak my Mind ;  
They only flatter you for Gain,  
And when your Favours you refrain,  
They'll rail as fast you'll find.

*Sir*, all the *Rooks*, the *Kites*, and *Crows*,  
By Nature are this *Mansion's Foes*,  
And would be over joy'd ;  
To see your *Groves*, your *Springs*, and  
*Woods*,  
Your fine *Canal*, your *Ponds*, and *Floods*,  
Lie waste and quite destroy'd.

It has been always their Design,  
 To pillage and to undermine,  
 The Owners of this *Grange* ;  
 And if they should be Just to you,  
 And not their former Aims pursue,  
 It would be very strange.

You may indulge them as you will,  
 They'll be but the same *Vermi*n still,  
 A greedy restless *Crew* ;  
 The more you give, the more they'll  
 crave,  
 Till they have swallow'd all you have,  
 And then they'll swallow you.

You must submit to be their *Tool*,  
 And let them Tyrannize and Rule,  
 If e'er you hope for Ease ;  
 For nothing less than sole Command,  
 Can their unbounded Hopes withstand,  
 And nothing less will please.

Already they are grown so proud,  
 And domineer and talk so loud,  
 Are so revengeful too ;

That

( 9 )

That not a *Linnet*, *Thrush*, or *Larke*,  
That us'd to Chant around your *Park*,  
Dare come to visit you.

I was amaz'd the other Day,  
To hear one of these *Reptiles* say,  
To an *Illustrious Bird* ;  
Our *Landlord*, Sir, is coming here,  
It is not fit that you appear,  
You must be gone my *Lord*.

This *Hedgebird*, I forbear to Name,  
But 'twas not long before you came,  
He durst not shew his Head ;  
But now he struts from *Room* to *Room*,  
And has the Impudence to come,  
To peck your very Bread.

*The Gods* defend you from all Harm,  
And instantly dissolve this Charm,  
Or it will be too late ;  
For if you do not stop your Hand,  
And their united Strength disband,  
You'll hardly stem your Fate.

B

The

The *Good Man* listen'd all the while,  
 And neither seem'd to Frown or Smile,  
 At length he thus reply'd ;  
 All you have said perhaps is true,  
 And yet I will not credit you,  
 Till I have further try'd.

You are, I see, a *Bird in Black*,  
 And probably may have the knack,  
 To tell a handsome *Tale* ;  
 But I regard your *Tales* no more,  
 Than him that you call'd o'er before,  
 So little they avail.

Besides, as yet, I cannot see,  
 What Busines you can have with me,  
 Who hardly know your Name ;  
 If you will Quiet be and Good,  
 You shall in Peace enjoy the *Wood*,  
 Among the other *Game*.

But if from Hedge to Hedge you fly,  
 And fright the Birds with DANGERS  
 nigh,  
 And make your wonted Noise ;

I'll find a way to change your Note,  
Nor is't the Sanction of your Coat,  
That shall preserve your Voice.

You and some *Hirelings* of your Race,  
May hop about from Place to Place,  
And with the *Tories* joyn ;  
But when y'have gone your utmost  
length,  
You'll find I have both Power and  
Strength,  
To frustrate your Design.

I further tell you as a Friend,  
There is a Thing call'd **COMPREHEND**,  
Which my *Advisers* say,  
If e'er I hope to keep you still,  
That they may *Govern* as they will,  
That is a certain way,

Indeed I do not understand,  
What *Projects* they may have in Hand,  
But this I'm sure I know ;  
I was invited here to *Rule*,  
And not to be a *Parties Tool*,  
As Time shall quickly shew.

The antient *Maxim* which we hold,  
Will last when all your Tricks grow  
old,

And keep my Honour clear ;  
Our Friends to love, reward, and trust,  
And to our Enemies be Just,  
And no body to fear.

The *Blackbird* not at all dismay'd,  
But marking strictly all he said,  
This humble *Answer* made ;  
If you the *Blackbirds* thus disdain,  
Forgive me that I speak so plain,  
You're certainly betray'd.

The former OWNERS of this *Plate*,  
Highly esteem'd the *Blackbirds Race*,  
And lov'd they should be near ;  
That they might sit and hear 'em Sing.  
Their grateful *Welcome* to the Spring,  
And bless the coming Year.

And since for you we have done more,  
Than all that e'er came here before,  
Even things I will not mention ;

It would be sure exceeding hard,  
If we should have for our Reward,  
A wicked COMPREHENSION.

Oh ! Sir, you do not know, I fear,  
What *Vermin* these *Advisers* are,  
What *TRAYAORS* in *Disguise* ;  
They'd all the *Royal Line* destroy,  
That they this *Mansion* might enjoy,  
And o'er you *Tyranize*.

*My Lord*, it cannot be deny'd,  
But you have *Power* to chuse your *Side*,  
To punish and Reward ;  
But as 'tis very hard to know,  
Who is your *Friend*, and who your *Foe*,  
You should be on your *Guard*.

You have an honest open Heart,  
That dreads no Harm, nor knows no  
Art,  
And what augments your *Danger* ;  
To all the MISCHIEFS they have done,  
Down to this Day, from Forty One,  
You are a perfect *Stranger*.

Your

Your Maxim's generous Just and True,  
 If you your Friends but rightly knew,  
 And can't enough be priz'd ;  
 But if your Friends be Rooks and Owls,  
 Bitterns and Herns and such like Fowls,  
 They ought to be despis'd.

How can we help to think it strange,  
 That you'll intirely trust your Grange,  
 To this REBELLIOUS BREED ;  
 We cannot, Sir, conceal our Pain,  
 Now they are all got in again,  
 To think what must succeed.

Already we with Horror see,  
 Buzzards and Hawks on ev'ry Trey,  
 Sit watching for their Prey ;  
 Whilst all the Birds and Fowls of Use,  
 That have so long adorn'd your House,  
 Are frighted quite away.

The Nightingales and faithful Doves,  
 That have so often charm'd the Groves,  
 Canary Birds succeed,

And

And *Foreign Fowls* of ev'ry sort,  
Are now the best esteem'd at Court,  
Sir, this is strange indeed.

The *Gallant Cock*, what has he done,  
That has in many Battles shone,  
And oft has lost his Blood ;  
To be in haste expell'd your *Pens*,  
Where he so oft' regal'd your *Hens*,  
So long has eat his his Food.

He is so very Good in Nature,  
So gen'rrous and so brave a *Creature*,  
And of so stout a *Strain* ;  
That all the *Fowls* about your *Yard*,  
Pay'd him the most profound Regard,  
And of his Loss complain.

You have indeed, some *Cocks o' the Game*.

That very well deserve a Name,  
A busie hardy *Kind* ;  
But you have more are but half Bred,  
And if you venture on their Head,  
You'll lose the *Match* you'll find.

Like

Like *Bullies* they may make a shew,  
 And strut about their Walks and crow,  
 And on their *Dunghills* rattle ;  
 But if you come to be hard laid,  
 You'll see you're to the *Match* betray'd,  
 And hardly win one *Battle*.

That very *Cock* who oft' has fought,  
 And by chance *Blows* has Wonders  
 wrought,  
 The cunning *Gamesters* say ;  
 Should he receive some *Stabs* i'the *Craw*,  
 Or should they come to tell the *Law*,  
 Wou'd surely run away.

I will not, *Sir*, presume to pry,  
 Into that hidden *Mystery*,  
 Why you should thus displace ;  
 A noble and a well-bred *Cock*,  
 The very best in all the *Flock*,  
 And put into his *Place*,

A *Cock* that he as far exceeds,  
 As ev'ry one will say that Breeds,  
 And understands the *Sport* ;

As does the *Swan*, the *Rook* or *Owl*,  
 Or any of those ill-look'd *Fowl*,  
 That to your House resort.

But 'tis not, *Sir*, his loss alone,  
 All faithful *Birds* and *Fowls* bemoan,  
 Tho' that be very great ;  
 You have disdainfully turn'd off,  
 The *Plover*, and the *Cornish Chaff*,  
 The Glory of your Seat.

The very *Hens* our noble *Dame*,  
 Was wont to feed and keep so tame,  
 A Sprightly Graceful Breed ;  
 Are all constrain'd to quit this Place,  
 Unto a much inferior Race,  
*Sir*, this is hard indeed.

The *Partridge*, *Pheasant* and the *Quale*,  
 Whose Duty ne'er was known to fail,  
 Are all dispers'd and gone ;  
 Even the *Domestick Ducks* and *Geese*,  
 That they may all be of one Piece,  
 Are order'd from your Dome.

There's many more that I could Name,  
 All Birds of mighty Worth and Fame,  
 Unwarily displac'd ;  
 Whilst ev'ry Grove and ev'ry Spring,  
 With doleful Exclamations ring,  
 That they are so disgrac'd.

But we must now expect to hear,  
 Out-cries and Clamours every where,  
 And all good Birds complain ;  
 Since those whose Male-Administration,  
 Render'd unfit for any Station,  
 Are all prefer'd again.

Can we see Rooks in ev'ry Cause,  
 and Vultures managing the Laws,  
 The Woodpeckers ador'd ?  
 The Bats and all the Birds of Night,  
 Your PREDECESSOR banish'd quite,  
 Careless'd and all restor'd ?

Can we see Kites and Carrion Crows,  
 Magpies and all such Thieves as those,  
 Home to your Grange invited ?

Cuckoos

*Cuckows, Green-Finches, and Tom-tits,  
That live like Sharpers by their Wits,  
Made Magistrates and Knighted.*

*Can we see Cormorants and Gulls,  
With open Throats and empty Sculls,  
Made Guardians of the Lake ?  
King-fishers o'er the Brooks preside,  
Bitterns and Herns the Spoil divide,  
And dreadful Havock make ?*

*Can we see this and ten times more,  
And not a speedy help implore ?  
The Gods avert the Sign.  
The Ravens that were wont to tell,  
If all Things here should happen well,  
In dismal Croakings joyn.*

*The more we View this wondrous  
Change,  
The more indeed we think it strange,  
And still the more we doubt ;  
That you will stay till 'tis too late,  
To stem the Current of your Fate,  
Before you turn them out.*

I am, indeed, a *Bird in Black*,  
 Yet have no formal canting Knack,  
 Nor no sinister View ;  
 My Busines is to Sing and Pray,  
 To Suffer, Sir, and to Obey,  
 And to Forewarn you too.

Under this Umbrage I presume,  
 Into your Presence now to come,  
 And thus to speak my Mind ;  
 And he's unworthy to be here,  
 Whom sordid *Avarice or Fear*,  
 Can from his *Duty bind*.

There are too many of our *Tribe*,  
 Whom *Interest, Ignorance or Pride*,  
 Have wickedly misled ;  
 But we disown that *Spurious Breed*,  
 And heartily could wish indeed,  
 They quite from us were fled.

If you have any such at Home,  
 They'll prove Disturbers of the *Dome*,  
 This vile *Apostate Brood* ;

Have

Have done more Mischief in their Way,  
Than all the *Fowls* and *Birds* of Prey,  
That shelter in the *Wood*.

These *Birds* whom sure the Gods de-sign'd,

To be a *Curse* to all their *Kind*,  
Their *Punishment* and *Shame* ;  
Tho' they our *CONSTITUTION* hate,  
Are suffer'd here to perch in State,  
Which must your *Conduct* blame.

Were all the *Crimes* of this lewd Age,  
And all the former did engage,  
A mass'd into one Ball ;  
There's one of *These* whose *Crimes* alone,  
Would over-ballance ev'ry one,  
Yet now he's all and all.

Another too there's of the *Coat*,  
Who tho' he ne'er could Sing one *Note*,  
Most exquisitely dull ;  
Whose Head just like an *Asses Hoof*,  
Is very thick and Poison Proof,  
Yet you admire the *Tool*.

This

This doating *Creature* on the Day,  
 Our Glorious *Mistress* breathless lay,  
 Hither insulting came ;  
 And lost as well to *Grace* as *Sense*,  
 Was heard with matchless *Insolence*,  
 Thus to revile the *DAME* :

*Cuckow*, says he, the Day's our own,  
 The Gods have pull'd this Woman down,  
 And eas'd us of our Fears ;  
 And tho' I'm Lame and very Old,  
 Methinks I'm just like one New-Sould,  
 And hope to live some Years.

And now, my *Lord*, can you suppose,  
 Those Birds that are so much her *Foes*,  
 Should faithful be to you ?  
 Pardon the Freedom of my *Song*,  
 You must your Understanding wrong,  
 Such *Notions* to pursue.

If *Robin-redbreast* with his Art,  
 Impos'd upon her honest Heart,  
 And basely broke his Trust ;

It does not follow sure that she,  
The Object of our Hate should be,  
Because he prov'd unjust.

Punish him first, and then you'll see  
Who are the Birds of Probity,  
For if that Fame speak true ;  
You have some very near you now,  
Did all his crafty Schemes allow,  
His inmost Secrets knew.

Spare me one Word, and I have done,  
Would you enjoy this Mansion long,  
And keep the Mannour quiet ;  
Disdain those Vermin that prophane,  
Your PREDECESSOR's sacred Name,  
For they began the Riot.

The Groves and Woods are in a Flame,  
To hear how they traduce the DAME,  
And dread an INNOVATION ;  
The Barndoors- Fowls and Turkey Cocks,  
In dang'rous and tumultuous Flocks,  
Express their Indignation.

Here

Here the *Bird* stop'd, *My Lord*, says he,  
 May you your present Danger see,  
 And shun all FALSE ADVICE;  
 So shall your Vertues brighter shine,  
 And you and your *Illustrious Line*,  
 In Peace ascend the skies.

I am but a Poor artless *Bird*,  
 Yet if for once you'll take my *Word*,  
 You'll find this *Maxim* true;  
 Who will by any *PARTY Rule*,  
 He must be their's, or they his *Tool*.  
 And so away he flew.

